The Weekly Herald,

PUBLISHED BY

W. S. TIPTON & CO.,

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

TERMS:

One copy one year.....$2 00
One copy six months.....1 00
One copy three months.....50
Single Copies.....05

Experience has taught us not to print a newspaper on credit.

Weekly Herald.

VOL. II. CLEVELAND, TENN., SEPTEMBER 13, 1877. NO. 36.

CHOOSING A NAME.

I have got a new-born sister;
I was nigh the first that kiss'd her.
When the nursing woman brought her
To papa, his infant daughter,
How papa's dear eyes did glisten!
She will shortly be to christen;
And papa has made the offer
I shall have the naming of her.
Now I wonder what would please her,
Charlotte, Julia or Louisa?
Ann and Mary, they're too common;
Joan's too formal for a woman;
Jane's a prettier name beside;
But we had a Jane that died.
They would say, if 'twas Rebecca,
That she was a little Quaker.
Edith's pretty, but that looks
Better in old English books.
Ellen's left off long ago;
Blanche is out of fashion now.
None that I have named as yet
Are so good as Margaret.
Emily is neat and fine,
What do you think of Caroline?
How I'm puzzled and perplexed
What to choose or think of next!
I am in a little fever,
Lest the name that I shall give her,
Should disgrace her or defame her,
I will leave papa to name her.

My Summer Journey.

"If he cannot love me when he hears I am a poor shop girl, he cannot love me at all."

All very well in theory, but very poor in practice. I fold up Fred Langley's offer of marriage, and sit down to write him that, before he makes any further plans, with me for one of them, he must know that I am one of those superfluous beings, a girl who came into this world with no especial place prepared for her; that I have clerked at Sharp & Sniper's ever since I was seventeen—and I am now twenty-three; that I have two young sisters depending on me for support, growing up in gawky, ill-clad ugliness, a shade plainer than myself even.

Somehow, when I first met him at that pleasant summer resort, the first breath I had had out of Sharp & Sniper's store for two years, I was so happy, I forgot to mention the scrubbing life I had left behind me at home, and I was so sick of poverty and third-rate people that I was glad to forget it.

How should he, being a man, know that the dress I wore had been turned twice; that I trimmed my bonnet myself; that the diamond ring I wore I had borrowed from my married sister, being the unvalued relic of some forgotten lover of hers; that the beauty he said was in my face was due to my happiness in his society. For I think the old saying, "Be good and you will be happy" ought to be reversed.

How did he know that charming naivete of mine was learned trying to induce customers to buy?

Old Sniper always says when he expects to sell a large bill of goods to a customer:

"Let Miss Joe manage him; she can smile the dollars out of his pockets, if any one can."

So I smile and smile, and yet I am no villain, for they are enforced and impudent smiles for bread and butter.

How round and rosy I grew in those few weeks of ecstatic joy! What lovely walks and rides we had up and down the wood paths and ravines! What charming sails through the dells, through the Witch's Gulch, and about the Devil's Elbow.

How brilliant and agreeable, and how handsome my Fred was! Dare I call him my Fred before he knows that I clerk at Sharp & Sniper's?

I am no strong-minded woman! I frankly confess that I do not like to take care of myself. I am no clinging vine, however, having never had anything to cling to. I have grown up straight and stiff all by myself, like a weed in the middle of a bare, ten acre lot.

Perhaps I will not make such a bad wife, after all. I am a good housekeeper, and have been no trouble or expense to any one since I can remember. I do not see why I should be so very much trouble now, even with my two sisters thrown in for ballast. Still, Fred must know all about the poverty and incumbrances, and make up his mind accordingly. So I waste a great many sheets of paper writing an answer that shall be frank and truthful, and yet lady-like.

I inform him, in the most genteel manner, that he must marry three when he leads me to the altar.

I send it off in a pink envelope, my heart beating a painful tattoo, as I think of his elegant sister he has described to me, and of him, a rising young lawyer, and a member of the legislature.

I piece down my sister Sophia's one-summer silk for her, that I bought at such a bargain, thinking peradventure there may be a wedding soon. I do not scold May when she comes home late from the picnic with my best sash drenched and soaked through, my lace fichu torn, and her toes through both her boots, and creeps into bed beside me. I hug her in my arms instead, with that hungry, unsatisfied longing I always have for kisses and caresses: but she only says, "You strangle me, Jo, you soft, mushy thing!" and moves along out of my reach.

My name was never Jo, but I have always been called this on account of my enforced manly accomplishments.

For a week I sing about the house like a lark; the next week I do not sing so much; the next week I do not sing at all, but go out, heavy-eyed and slow, and burst into tears when May sits down to the old, faint-hearted piano and begins to storm away at "Il Bacio," Fred's favorite waltz, and mine.

I might have known all the time he would never answer that letter; it has always been my luck. Let me see how many lovers I have had.

There was No. 1, waiting on me when my father died of heart disease and left me penniless at seventeen. He came to see me after the funeral, and told me that he had great sympathy and respect for me, and that he should never marry unless it was some poor girl thrown on her own resources, and with no one to take care of her, as he thought that was the true way for a true gentleman to do; and with these sentiments he bowed himself out for the last time.

Most heavenly philosophy! but then he married the same year the daughter of a wealthy man, who had never done anything harder in her life than curl her front hair over slate pencils.

Then there was the young man who wrote poetry, and threatened to die or shoot himself when I refused him—this was years ago. He is now in good health, with a wife and two children; but I always hated men who wrote poetry.

Then there was Judge Featherby. He visited me for a year, and said he loved me; but something he dignified by the name of pride forbade him from saying anything more, and I have been heartily glad since that he was ashamed of me.

But the thought of none of these well disposed and settled gentlemen makes the non-arrival of that letter any easier for me. I get weary and cross; my chest is getting weak, and I get faint and dizzy by spells.

Some days, when I stand at the lace counter waiting on some fashionable lady who is pricing this and cheapening that, I think I shall fall over in a dead faint from sheer exhaustion. Women are so much harder to suit than men, and, ten to one, go picking over everything and go out without buying anything, very likely, because so few of them, poor things, have any money of their own to spend.

The fall winds come, and I walk over beds of fallen leaves; then that long, awful winter of 1874 I wade through high drifts and through storms that take my breath away, to reach Sharp & Sniper's.

Sophia, the oldest of my sisters, is ailing this winter, so I get up and build the fire at five with numb fingers, so as to get to the store at seven. Before the spring opens, that she so longs to see, poor, patient, hard-working Sophia dies.

Anticipating the life that was before her, I have tried to instil into her the principle that work is her end and aim, and that she must not expect anything beyond in the life of a woman who is both poor and unbeautiful.

She had done most of the cooking and all of the housework for us three, while I have been at Sharp and Sniper's, and May has been at school.

I have come home, worn out and fretful, to help what I can by snatches.

She has had about half of what she ought to have had to eat, and about a third of what she ought to have had to wear. Well, she is at rest now, and has gone where "all hearts are filled," and I stay where hearts are hollow.

I close her eyes: lay her out in the summer silk that should have graced our weding; take the seventy-five dollars I have laid away in the bank, to buy her a coffin and pay the funeral expenses.

About this time there comes a legacy of a few hundreds from an old uncle of ours. I send May off to school with this, determined that she shall not be like Sophia. I am left alone. I do my own work. I eat my solitary meals, salted with lonely tears. I have ceased to hope ever to hear from Fred now.

The June days have come again, hot and long. There is sunshine without happiness, and stillness without rest.

I look at the glass—I am all eyes; my face is sharpening out, my collar bones protrude. I am getting waspy and thin; so much for putting my trust in man.

Old Sniper looked at me to-day, even kindly, and said:

"Miss Jo, you must have a vacation of a week or so; this hot weather in the country will do you good, and you can work the better on your return."

So I thanked him, thinking sadly that no trip in the country can make me happy now; that I am heir henceforth only to woman's undisputed legacy, tears, and longing after the love and appreciation she will never receive.

The big-hearted manager of the road, who is acquainted with me, has given me a pass to St. Paul and return. I care little which way I go, and have selected this route because it passes through the town where Fred Langley lives. Though I half despise him for his fickleness, still I have a woman's curiosity to ride through his city, even though I can only catch a glimpse of his office windows.

I get me a brown poplin traveling dress. I find that old maids generally have a brown poplin, and the older they get the more colors they wear, especially scarlet. I have always hated red. I cannot see my way clear just yet to putting it on my bonnet, so I get a more youthful bunch of pale blush rose buds for my hat.

One hot, bright July day I set out on my lonely trip; once seated in the train by the open window my spirits rise, for I always did love to ride on the cars; there is a pleasant rush and excitement about them that pleases me; we are flying so fast, so fast, through white towns and over bridges and out into the vast Wisconsin prairies—not smooth and rolling, like those of Illinois and Iowa, but rough and jagged, full of rocks and ragged thickets, with little cabins set down here and there like birds' nests in the grass; flocks of ragged children troop out of these and stare at the passengers—the dear, little, dirty creatures! What an inventory they take of my Milwaukee bonnet and dusty suit. Here is a field starred with swamp lilies, scarlet lobelias and wild asters. How I long to get out and gather them.

I see by the towns on my ticket, and I know by the warning whistle, that we are within a mile of Fred's home. The big manufacturing town is already in sight; the sand and sawdust and coal smoke is flying. Of course I have my head and shoulders out of the window, and with my eyes and mouth full of cinders, I am gaping wildly about me.

The train grates, jars and stops. The usual number of women with boxes, budgets and parasols bundle off the train. The Teachers' Association is held here this week, and a tribe of lank, sharp-nosed, hungry-faced women got off also, teacher written all over them from their ugly hats to their ugly shoes.

Can I believe my eyes? Who is it that steps up and shakes hands with two of the lankest, most wizened, old-maidest of them all but my darling Fred, with a smile as sweet as the morning; he takes their satchels and shawls and turns to the lady who is with him, whom I know by the elegance of her dress and a certain high bred sweetness about her, is his sister. The oldest old maid says:

"So kind in you, Mr. Langley, to meet us. We should have been quite bewildered in this place. So good in you to take so much trouble."

"No trouble—most happy;" but he says it rather languidly.

He glances up at the window, and in spite of cinders and soot, my caved in bonnet, my hair all flying and my cheeks burning like live coal, he knows me and drops the satchels.

"Take the shawls a moment, sis," I hear him say, and in another second he is on the train, leaning over my seat with my hand held tightly in his, and asking me a dozen questions in a breath.

"I am going to St. Paul," is all I have time to answer, and he replies, "Good-bye, Mignon, I will see you again;" and he is off the cars as the bell begins to ring.

I catch one more glimpse of him as the train moves off, helping his sister and the old maids with their satchels and their ankles like axe helves, into the carriage; I see him take the front seat beside the one with the red poppies in her bonnet, take the reins, and the horses are off like birds. How I envy that old maid, though she has a wart on her nose and looks like a last year's mullein stalk.

Something gets into my throat and chokes me, and I refuse the orange the man in the next seat offers me. Something chokes me all the way to St. Paul.

It may be the green peach I have eaten; but I think it is that old maid.

Why did I let him speak me so familiarly, and call me "Mignon," his old name for me? Why did I not pull my hand away?

I busy myself with such thoughts as these until we have crossed the boundary line and have entered Minnesota; here the scene gets wilder and wilder, the broad Mississippi winds lazily along at the foot of its tall bluffs, with trees toppling uncomfortably along their steep sides; close to the car windows great walls of rock rise, oh, so high up in the air? The rain balances dizzily along like a rope walker over high skeleton bridges and ledges of limestone rock, where it seems as if the least jar would send us down, down, I dare not think how far.

I ride along in a sort of mist until we reach St. Paul. What a queer, elevated town it is! as if every house in it had climbed up and sat down on the top of a hill. I get out in a pouring rain, greatly to the detriment of my bones. I stop at one of the grandest hotels there, the Metropolitan, and say to myself spitefully:

"I will enjoy myself once, though I starve the rest of the year."

Rather a dreamy magnificence, however, for I get tired the first day wandering up and down the parlors and long halls. I grow restless the second day and want to go home. As to Minnehaha Falls, what a muddy Fall to come so far to see! I grow so tired of the strange faces and the scenery that by the third day my brilliant summer debut is getting to be unbearable, when a boy brings up a card with Fred. Langleys name engraved upon it.

I try not to make indecent haste down into the parlor, but somehow my feet will take me two stairs at a time.

Fred is there with an open letter and a pink envelope in his hand, which I see by close scrutiny is my poor old letter, written a year ago, telling him about my sisters.

The sight of it angers me beyond expression. I snatch at it fiercely. Fred holds the letter out of my reach, and catches me in his arms instead, bestowing upon me some of the old time kisses, whose unforgotten sweetness I had trained myself to believe I should never feel again.

"Did you think me so mean, sordid, unmanly," he asked, "as not to answer your letter? It was lost, and was never found until yesterday, and I came as soon as the train would fetch me to answer it in person."

I ask no questions; I only lay my weary head down on his shoulder, and cry out my overburdened heart upon his bosom.

It is not until afternoon, when we are driving in a nice carriage to Minnehaha Springs, near Minneapolis, the noise of St. Anthony's Falls in my ears, that I venture to say:

"How in the world did you ever lose that letter?"

"Well, you see, sister took it from the postman and put it upon the high mantle, where it slipped up against the wall and she forgot all about it, and, being a bit of a woman like yourself, she never noticed the edge above the mantle, nor any one else, until this week two rather oldish lady teachers came to spend a few days with us, and one of them, while looking for nicknacks on this shelf, discovered and brought to light your letter."

"Did she have red poppies in her bonnet and a wart on her nose!" I inquired, eagerly.

"Yes; on the whole I believe she had."

Heaven bless that old maid!

The Industrial Classes in Turkey.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of July 23 says: "Seven or eight years ago the Foreign Office obtained several reports from British Consuls in Turkey on the condition of the industrial classes in that country. Mr. J. C. Calvert, then in charge of the consular disirict of Monastir, sent home interesting details as to the industrial and economic circumstances of the agricultural laborers. The Province (sandjak) of Monastir, on the frontier of Albania, contains a population of about 922,000 souls, 536,000 Christians, and 386,000 Mohammedans. It is reckoned that about 200,000 are adult males between the ages of 18 and 50. The agricultural laborers are divisible into three classes all of whom are Christians: 1. Partner laborers: they provide the cattle and undertake the labor and cost of cultivating the farm, the landlord finding the seed. The produce is halved on the threshing-floor; then the laborer, by conveying the landlord's share to the granary, completes the engagement. 2. Farm laborers, who are engaged by the year, and work entirely for the landlord. Instead of wages all in money, they receive a stipulated quantity of grain and other necessaries. This payment in kind varies with the locality. For instance, in the district (casas) of Monastir the allowance equals 68½ to 77½ English bushels of grain, partly Indian corn and partly rye, and 15 to 17 shillings in cash, (or 100 piastres) the value fluctuating with the currency. In the district of Perlepe the allowance is simply 73 bushels of wheat. More varied recompense awaits the laborer in the district of Kiuprilli, his wage consisting of 45½ bushels of grain, (rye, barley and millet,) 33½ pounds of salt, half an ox-hide for sandals, half a horse-load of leeks or cabbages, 9 shillings to 13 shillings 6 pence in money, and sleeping-room rent free. 3. The 'fixed-charge men,' the term which Mr. Consul Calvert offers as the equivalent of 'kessemdjis,' resemble the partner laborers in every respect except in the division of the year's produce, for they agree to give the landlord a certain fixed quantity of crops, irrespective of their actual yield. All of these three classes are free on the completion of their agreement with one landlord to engage themselves with another, unless, indeed, they have contracted a debt to their landlord, when the condition of the laborer becomes one of quasi-serfage, from which, under adverse circumstances, the toil of a life time fails to extricate him; in not a few cases the debt becomes hereditary. The laborers, excepting this last unfortunate portion of them, both men and women are well clothed. Their undergarments are home-made, of English cotton twist, woven by the women into substantial cloth, the stout woolen stuff of which their outer garments and their thick socks consist is also home-made. The women's cotton clothing is elaborately embroidered in brilliant colors with home-dyed wool. Buffalo hide sandals are worn on working days; on holidays those who can afford it wear red leather shoes."

Leisure.

The most fallacious ideas prevail respecting leisure. People are always saying: "I would do so and so if I only had a little leisure. Now, there is no condition in which the chance of doing is *less* than the condition of leisure. The man fully employed *may* be able to gratify his good disposition by improving himself or his neighbors, or serving the public in some useful way; but the man who has all his time to dispose of as he pleases, has but a poor chance indeed of doing so. *To do*, increases the capacity of doing, and it is far less difficult for a man who is in an habitual course of exertion to exert himself a little more for an extra purpose, than for the man who does little or nothing to put himself in motion for the same end.

Let no one cry for leisure that he may be able to do anything. Let him rather pray that he may never have leisure. If he really wishes to do a good thing he will always find time to do it, by properly arranging his other employments.

There is a reluctance in everything to be set a-going, but when that is got over, then everything goes smoothly enough. In fact, it may be said that to ask for leisure or time to do an ordinary thing, is equivalent to a confession that we are indifferent about doing it.

A Good Indian Story.

A party of five amateur huntsmen left the city yesterday for the mountains, to be gone about a month, and another party of four returned home day before yesterday. The latter had intended to stay out longer, but the Indians in their vicinity began to grow exceedingly saucy, and to make demands for small things in a tone which, it was thought, indicated that they might, if provoked, help themselves, and the hunters therefore broke camp, intending to stop awhile at a point near home, but after they got on the back track they came through without much delay. Speaking of the Indians, the party tell a funny story of their main camp. One hot day one of them went to a creek not far distant to have a bath, taking with him his rifle. He had removed his garments down to his red flannel underclothing on the bank of the stream, when he heard the brush cracking, and thinking perhaps the noise was made by a deer or other large animal, he deployed himself as a skirmisher and cautiously began investigating. He had not long to wait, for a moment later he observed a figure dodging from tree to tree, rifle in hand, and evidently watching him. It flashed through his mind that he was being followed by an Indian bent on mischief, and his heart rose to his throat so that he could almost taste it as thoughts of home forced themselves upon him. He determined that he would fight to the last, however, and, braced by this determination, advanced upon the enemy. The latter was evidently not prepared for such tactics, for he retreated, faster and faster, and finally threw down his gun and ran. The Sacramentan, fearing that this was only a piece of strategy to lead him into an ambush, returned to the creek, donned his garments and hurried to the camp. There he found a member of the party who had just come in from hunting relating to the other two members how he also had experienced some trouble with Indians, one of whom he said followed him two or three miles, and he had only escaped from him by striking him over the head with his gun. This, he went on to say broke the stock in two, the barrel flew into the chapparal, and he did not deem it worth while to wait and search for it, when the Indians might attack the camp at any moment. The man who had been to the creek began to feel a suspicion that two members of that hunting party had been making fools of themselves, and he quietly inquired: "What did he look like?" Look like! You've heard of them being called red devils; well, this fellow was one of them! He was stripped right to the skin, and was bareheaded, and had painted himself just as red as blood. You needn't laugh; 'twasn't anything to laugh at." It was almost too cruel to say anything about the red flannel underclothes and the throwing of the gun away; but it had to be told, and the boys have had a good thing on drinks ever since.—*Sacramento Record-Union.*

Fire-Crackers and Joss-Sticks.

These two articles have more connection in the mind of a Cantonese than they have among people in this country. Here, the first is associated chiefly with the noise and license of Fourth of July, when boys have the annual privilege of firing them off; and the second is known for the convenience they afford in lighting cigars. But among the Chinese, fire-crackers and fire-works are used in worshiping the gods, and to drive off evil and hungry spirits which may be prowling about the house; while joss-sticks are lighted to invite genial influences from the gods by pleasing them with the smoke of fragrant incense.

The names for fire-crackers, *hiang-pao*, and *pao chun*, means sonorous cracklings, and crackling bamboos; the latter term is given from their resemblance in size to the little twigs of that plant. There is a proverb among the people, "One explosion of fire-works does away with the old year," which is explained by the following legend:

Li Man lived in the hills, and the house of his neighbor, old Chung, was continually infested with elves. Man sent him every morning and evening to a hall to burn bamboo sticks, whose crackling alarmed them so that they let him sleep in quiet till morning. On this account people have since used fire-works to terrify the spirits, so that no malicious ones may mar the harmony of the coming New Year; crackers are also let off whenever an enterprise, as a voyage or a journey, is undertaken—not so much to get good luck to attend it, as to drive away all evil from hindering it."

Fire-crackers are made of coarse bamboo paper rolled around a little gunpowder and a match of paper as a fuse to fire it. They are always covered with red paper, because that is the color of joy among the Chinese, and are exploded on every festive or important occasion. The bride steps into her gay sedan, and gets out to enter her husband's house, amid their crackling; and when they both first bow before the ancestral tablet, it warns malicious spirits to retire far away. The sailor burns them as he weighs anchor, and invokes favorable winds. The annual offerings at the ancestral tomb are presented amid their crackling, and its inmates left in repose for the coming year with the same salute. The public courts are closed and the official seal put away during the new year holidays under the same auspices; while in each household the god of the kitchen is thus dismissed on his journey to report on the conduct of its members to Shangti, the Supreme Ruler. But the demand for this miniature artillery is greatest on New Year's Eve, when the whole empire resounds with its deafening noise amid the lanes and streets of the cities. In Canton City, their consumption is so great that the streets are red with the fragments which the farmer sweeps up to use as manure.

The consumption of fire-crackers among the Chinese as may readily be inferred, is enormous, for they enter into all their religious acts, and many of the customs of daily life. The export is more than 2,000 tons annually, of which perhaps 1,500 tons come to this country. How could American boys get through Fourth of July without them?

Joss sticks derive their name from the effort of the Canton shopkeeper to describe to his foreign customer the incense sticks often seen burning on the counter. He knew that idols of every kind were called *joss* by the Portuguese at Macao, (derived from their word *dios* or God and corrupted in his mouth to *joss*) and so he summarily called incense sticks, *God's sticks*, as the phrase most likely to be understood. On the same principle, he calls a temple a *joss house*; the Sabbath a *joss day*; foreign or native priests, *joss man*; and worship of any kind, *joss pidgin*. All these words he supposed to be good English, and therefore they will be clearly understood by the foreigner. Incense sticks are usually made of needle-like slips of bamboo which are covered with a composition of sawdust and clay in fine powder. The best kind are made of sandal, garoo, or other fragrant woods reduced to powder; the cheaper and common sorts are of fir, cedar, juniper, etc. On the altar before every idol an open jar or vase of bronze, crockery or iron, contains incense sticks in one form or other constantly burning. Another way of making them is to mix the dust with glutinous water and clay, and roll the composition into a quill-shaped strip, uniform in size throughout. It is some times ten or twelve feet long, and is then coiled into a sort of conical roll supported by wire; it burns so regularly that it is marked off into certain distances to indicate the hour of day; and in fact one name for this kind means "time incense," from its double use as a time-keeper and an offering to the gods. It is only this kind which is exported for the convenience of segar smokers, but the native manufacturer probably supposes that his foreign customers burn them for the same purpose that he does. Incense sticks are also made of powdered artemisia mixed with clay, and burned to drive away musquitoes, which the smoke does effectually.—*N. Y. Observer.*

The Lost Found.

Fifty or sixty years ago it was the custom for gentlemen wishing servants to visit emigrant ships as soon as they arrived in port. Selecting the man or woman who pleased them, they would pay his or her passage money, about seventy or eighty dollars, to the captain, agreeing to give the servant clothing and board, and at the end of three years' service, twenty or thirty dollars.

One day, a gentleman, a man of fortune, residing in Philadelphia, went on board an emigrant ship to hire a girl, or "purchase her time," as it was then called. He selected one, and was shown her father. The old man was anxious to go with his daughter, and after some persuasion the gentleman purchased his time. "Well, now," said the old man, "here's my old wife; take her also." There was something so attractive in the countenance of the old woman that the gentleman bought her time.

Going together to the register's office to complete the bargain, the gentleman was surprised to find the name which the emigrants gave was spelt and pronounced like his own. Inquiries ended in discovering that he had bought the time of his own father and mother.

When six years old, a son of the old folks had been taken to America by a gentleman, and they had lost all knowledge of him; indeed, they had almost forgotten they had a son in America. They recollected, however, that their boy had a figure of a cucumber on one of his shoulders. The newly found son was stripped in the office, and, to the delight of the aged couple, there was the birth-mark.

Foolish Habits.

Walking along the streets with the point of an umbrella sticking out beyond, under the arm or over the shoulder. By stopping suddenly to speak to a friend, a person walking in the rear had his brain penetrated through the eye in one of our streets and died in a few days. To carry a long pencil in a vest or outside coat pocket. Not long since a clerk fell, and his long cedar pencil so pierced an important artery that it had to be cut down from the top of the shoulder to prevent his bleeding to death, with a three month's illness. To take exercise, or walk for the health when every step is a drag, and instinct urges repose. To drink a glass of cold water on getting up in the morning without any feeling of thirst, under the impression of the health-giving nature of its washing out qualities. To sit down at a table and force yourself to eat when there is not only no appetite, but a decided aversion to food. To take a glass of soda on a summer day under the belief that it is safer and better than a glass of water.—*Dr. Hall.*

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Unsweetened coffee cures bad breath.

Any number of wrongs cannot justify one.

Expense of time is the most costly of all expenses.

A bad cloak often covers a good drinker.—*Don Quixote.*

To become rich one must spare as many cents as he can.

Being is before knowledge or action; so birth is temporarily before education.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be separated with impunity.

The idea of a heaven and an existence hereafter is no more extraordinary than the fact of an earth and an existence here.

Children are unconscious philosophers. They refuse to pull to pieces their enjoyments to see what they are made of.

To all men, and at all times, the best friend is virtue, and the best companions are high endeavors and honorable sentiments.

You can't get anything in this world without money, some say; but this is not true, for without money you can get into debt.

Where one youth depends on his mental ability for success in life, nine rest their hopes on the cut and gloss of their collars.

The current coin of life is plain, sound sense. We drive a more substantial and thriving trade with that than with aught else.

What makes the Dead Sea dead? Because it is all the time receiving, never giving out anything. This is the case with too many men.

He that lends an easy and credulous ear to calumny, is either a man of very ill morals or has no more sense and understanding than a child.

Ours is a religion little in its demands, but how infinitely prodigal in its gifts! It troubles you for an hour, and repays you by immortality.

"Insults," says a modern philosopher, "are like counterfeit money. We cannot hinder their being offered, but we are not compelled to take them."

Life in itself is neither good nor evil; it is the scene of good or evil as you make it; and, if you have lived a long day, you have seen it all.—*Montaigne.*

It is easy to see the faults, and not so easy always to ignore them; but faults are never so evident and never so heinous as when they exist in some one we do not like.

It is a maxim worthy of being written in letters of gold, that there is no method so certain of defeating the plots of wicked men against us as by acting uprightly.

In times of great excitement it becomes the duty of every man not to go off on the "half cock"—or in other words to keep cool regardless of the thermometer.

If you pursue good without labor, the labor passes away and the good remains; but if you pursue a pleasure with evil, the pleasure passes away, and the evil remains.

Lord Bacon said: If a man be gracious to strangers it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island, cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them.

He is not the best prophet who guesses well, and he is not the wisest man whose guess turns out well in the event, but he who, whatever the event be, takes reason and probability for his guide.—*Euripides.*

Where the means of subsistence are abundant and obtained with but little labor, mankind most certainly become indolent and self-indulgent. Easiness of the terms of life is fatal to the noblest elements of manhood and character.

Our enjoyment consists in pursuit, not in attainment. Attainment is with us, for the most part, the grave of pleasure. Had we no object to excite fresh activity, and impel us to new toils, human life would quickly stagnate in melancholy indifference.

With a clear sky, a bright sun, and a gentle breeze, you can have friends in plenty, but let Fortune frown and the firmament be overcast, and then your friends will prove like the strings of a lute, of which you will tighten many before you will find one that will bear the stretch and keep the pitch.

The truest definition of evil is that which represents it as something contrary to nature; evil is evil because it is unnatural; a vine, which should bear olive berries, an eye to which blue seems yellow, would be diseased; an unnatural mother, an unnatural son, an unnatural act, are the strongest terms of condemnation.

He who never relaxes into sportiveness is a wearisome companion; but beware of him who jests at everything. Such men disparage, by some ludicrous association, all objects which are presented to their thoughts, and thereby render themselves incapable of any emotion which can either elevate or soften them; they bring upon their moral being an influence more withering than the blasts of the desert.—*Southey.*

Carlyle wrote to De Quincy in a letter just printed, in which he invites a visit: "True, we have no society; but who has, in the strict sense of that word? I have never had any worth speaking much about since I came into this world; in the next, it may be, they will order matters better. Meanwhile, if we have not the wheat in great quantity, we are nearly altogether free from the chaff, which often in this matter is highly annoying to weak nerves."

One of the best modes of improving in the art of thinking, is, to think over some subject before you read upon it; and then to observe, after what manner it has occurred to the mind of some great master. You will then observe whether you have been too rash or too timid; what you have omitted and what you have exceeded; and by this process you will insensibly catch a great manner of viewing a question. It is right in study, not only to think when any extraordinary incident provokes you to think, but from time to time review what has passed: to dwell upon it, and to see what trains of thought voluntarily present themselves to your mind.—*Sydney Smith.*